

**IT IS TO LAUGH!**

**AMERICANS NEED HELP**

**T. V. Powderly Disperses Some Big Ideas About Belgian Immigrants.**

**By T. V. POWDERLY.**

For the last two weeks stories have appeared in various papers to the effect that "an influx of Belgians" is expected, and that preparations should be made to receive them and settle them in colonies on farms in the United States. The fact that the Belgian government has taken the matter in hand, have held meetings, and passed resolutions to aid the Belgian refugees when they land, has led a few men and women of letters to inquire how they may help the distressed Belgian victims of the European war. There are many asylums on our shores in such numbers.

One large hearted, well disposed man on the strength of what he saw in the papers, has been in from the West, expressing his sympathy and that of his neighbors.

of the Belgians. From his letter I judge that the Belgians are not particularly anxious to be used to farming. The Belgians who are coming, or likely to come, are not hand-picked and cannot be shipped to the United States. They are not trained in iron. They no doubt have relations or friends in this country and any way they would wish to have a say about when to go.

On the other hand a few, fortunately few speculators with an eye for the dollar, are coming. I think they have offered to sell choice lands to the Belgian farmers who are to come in such large numbers.

It is well to think carefully over the probability, or improbability, rather, of any considerable number of Belgians coming to the United States. It is not likely that they will come in large numbers. It is not likely that they will come in this crisis, even if they could. Those who can get away are women, children.

Two very nice respectable people called today to inquire where these Belgians were to go. It was their intention, as I said, to send them to the "Auxiliaires" in such localities, for the purpose of aiding Belgian refugees. In reply at Red Cross headquarters revealed that the Belgians were people very much authorized to use the name of the great humane society. I would not like to intimate that my callers were impostors but since a man cannot be fined for

While the Red Cross is valiantly striving to aid the victims and sufferers from this awful war, on field and in home, let us not forget the people who have

been double-crossed in our own country since last July, on account of the war. They have been thrown out of employment as a result of the war and will need help right here at home. There is a lot of money in the pockets of the men of means who share their patriotism by investing capital in such enterprises but will give work to American victims of European strife, at this time, and give employment to men and women who need work, and not alma. We can help the Belgians more effectively by furnishing employment for Americans.

Everyone cannot buy a handkerchief and while we cannot not use a handkerchief, everybody needs one. Before buying a handkerchief, consulting a

just as the question that I asked when I made my first purchase, "Was this article made in the United States?" I have always made that inquiry before purchasing and unless the thing I need was not manufactured in this country I don't buy a foreign-made article. Things made in this country are better in are good enough for me and the should be good enough for every other American. If every one will just keep that inquiry in mind when making purchases and stick to it for a few months there won't be any unused cotton bales in this country or unemployed work-

I just threw that out in passing in the hope that it may inspire others to do likewise.

## Morning Smiles.

### A Study in Tenses.

Teacher.—The sentence, "My father has money," is in the past tense. Now, Mr. What tense would you be speaking in if you said, "My father has money?" Little Mary.—Oh, that would be present tense.—Hartford Times.

### The First Step.

Doctor.—What your husband needs is absolutely quiet.

Mrs. Gab.—But, doctor, he won't listen to me.

Doctor.—That, perhaps, he helps to explain.

**The Rejected Recruit.**

An American who desired to go to Mexico as a soldier was rejected on account of his poor teeth.

"What's the idea?" he said to the recruiting office. "Have we got to eat the Grangers after we kill 'em?"—Kansas City Star.

**Busy Washington Girls.**  
Washington society women have quit the study of ethnology and have turned to manual training. They are hammering out brass ash trays. Next thing we know they'll be washing the dishes for a. — Rochester Herald.

**Not on Your Life.**

Bank Teller—This check is all right, but you must be introduced! Can you bring in your husband?

Woman—Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me, he'd knock your block off!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Disappointment.**  
Stella—She thought she married a bank.  
Bella—Well, he turned out to be a rail road; he isn't allowed to earn enough—  
New York Sun.

Two ultrasophisticated New Yorkers were admiring the wainscoting in a certain Philadelphia hotel and got to arguing over the name of the wood used. Finally they asked a waiter. He didn't know, and asked the bartender. "Whatta yuh call that wood?" he said. "That wood?" said the bartender.

"Piffl," snorted the New Yorker, "caviar's not wood; it's a bird."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**As It Goes.**

Some nations were hunting fiercely. "Why are you fighting so?" inquired the bystanders, moved at length to curiosity.

"To save civilization," replied the nations severally.

Here a draggled figure rose from the mire under the feet of the combatants and limped lamely away.

"And who are you?" asked the bystanders, with a disposition to get to the bottom of the matter.

"Don't speak to me—I'm civilization," the figure made answer, somewhat pettishly.